

STUDYING ART AMONG WILD ELEPHANTS IS TICKLISH WORK



MR. CARL AKELEY AT WORK ON A GROUP FOR THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY

Picture yourself Allan Quartermain, the mighty elephant hunter of Rider Haggard's tales, wearing a sculptor's apron, armed with modelling tools instead of an express rifle, carefully and skillfully reproducing in plaster every muscle and sinew under the skin of the animals he has hunted with many adventures in the jungles of Africa, his dangerously bought knowledge used to represent the life of the beasts in their wild homes for the benefit of home stayers. Difficult to imagine, perhaps, under ordinary circumstances, but not in the American Museum of Natural History, where Carl E. Akeley, known throughout the world as an elephant hunter, is building the groups for the African Hall, greatest and most comprehensive of its kind ever attempted.

Mr. Akeley is not only a hunter. He is also a sculptor of animals and an accomplished taxidermist. He has studied the anatomy of his animals until he can reproduce their contour, even to the smallest muscle that plays under the skin, and their various attitudes in their native jungles are so familiar to him that he reproduces the animals as though instinct with life.

Mr. Akeley dropped his moulding the other day when he was asked to tell something about his work and doffed his apron; in getting him to describe what he hopes will be accomplished, and he will talk about the cement gun that he invented and with which the Allies are today lining their trenches on the war fronts; of modelling and sculpture, of the habits and habitats of African animals and of almost anything under the sun except his own personal adventures, which, he says, were all in the days



MRS. CARL E. AKELEY WHO ACCOMPANIED HER HUSBAND DURING THREE YEARS OF AFRICAN FIELD WORK



THE LEOPARD MR. AKELEY KILLED WITH HIS HANDS

as he carried his trunk out of the way and tried to impale me with his tusks.

"I had just time to grasp a tusk with my left hand and twist myself so that my body was between the two shafts of ivory. I felt the impact as his tusks dug into the ground on each side of me and his heavy nose pressed against my chest. That is all I remember.

"My hunter, fortunately, shot him dead as he was preparing for another thrust. I was unconscious as they carried me to camp, where I lay for three months with my chest so crushed that it was a long chance whether or not I should live.

"When I did recover my main concern was from fear that I had lost my nerve. Usually when a man comes that near to death from an elephant's attack his nerve is gone and he uses himself as an elephant hunter. As soon as I was fit I took my rifle and went after another elephant, simply to see if I could face him. I am glad I did, because I found I could still fight a charging monster, and the result was that I got the largest elephant's ear which a rifle has ever been placed.

on all my hunts. We came across a herd of thirteen elephants standing under a clump of trees enjoying their shade. We fired into them and one dropped. The rest of the herd dashed away.

"We thought we had killed this one, but before we got near him he jumped up and roared after his fellows. We knew of course, that he would not go far, but would stop and search for us as we were searching for him. Sure enough, he got our wind and came roaring and screaming in a desperate charge.

"When he was about thirty feet away I fired and stopped him. We fired several bullets into him as he stood, but none was fatal and he roared. Four times he charged and four times we stopped him with our rifles. Then, though I am glad to say I felt no fear for myself, I was apprehensive for Mrs. Akeley. I suggested that we

leave him.

"Now, that is one thing a woman won't stand. She may be willing to show the white feather herself, but she will not tolerate any action by her husband that might be construed as cowardice. She refused to leave, and there was nothing for me to do except stay.

"The next time the elephant charged I got him at such an angle that my bullet found his brain and he dropped. I had one ear made into a table top and it is in our home to-day. It measures 6 feet 7 inches by 4 feet 6 inches and is perfect."

Another experience in which Mr. Akeley came quite as close to leaving his bones in Africa and which might well deprive an ordinary man of his hunting nerve occurred in Somaliland.

"It was a couple of days after crossing the Horn and we had come across a hundred miles of waterless desert," he said. "We were camped beside a zig-zag or dry water course, where by digging wells in the stream bed sufficient water was obtained for the camels and sixty men.

"While hunting in the open bush we had seen many ostriches. It was my first experience with these wary birds and they had escaped me on every occasion. I found that instead of hiding their heads in the sand, leaving their great bodies as targets for my rifle, they hid their bodies behind the bush with only their heads exposed, each head just large enough to carry a pair of keen eyes. As a result of being outwitted so often I came to the conclusion that I would rather bag an ostrich than a lion.

"One Sunday morning I set out with the idea of getting one, taking only a rifle and my syce. I shot a wart hog and marked the spot, meaning to take it up when I returned. A little further on I climbed to the top of a terraced hill about eight feet high, from which with my glasses I saw two ostriches.

"I dropped from my perch and raced toward them, but found only their trail in the sand. Soon I saw another one, but he too escaped me. I returned to the camp, but later in the day started out for the wart hog.

"When we arrived there I saw my pig's head disappearing in the jaws of a hyena. I got the hyena, but when we arrived at the spot where he had dropped there was only a trail in the sand where he had been dragged away. It was dusk then, but I caught a glimpse of a shadowy form going behind a bush and fired hastily.

"As we started forward the angry snarl of a leopard warned us of the chance we were taking. We waited for a few moments, but there was no further demonstration.

"While peering about I detected the beast crossing the tug some fifteen yards above, and foolishly began shooting when I could not see to aim. I could see where the bullets struck, as the sand spurted up beyond the leopard. The first two went beyond her, but the third scored.

"The beast stopped and I thought she was killed. My syce broke into the usual song of triumph, which was promptly cut short by another snarl, one that only a thoroughly angry leopard is capable of making as it charges.

"For just a flash I was paralyzed with fear. This is a sensation that always comes to a man under such circumstances. One cannot move a muscle for a space as brief as the wink of an eye, or sometimes a trifle longer. Then it disappears and though one may be certain that the brain is clear and every muscle is at command, this momentary paralysis is well known, and is responsible for many deaths among big game hunters.

"The power for action came. I worked the bolt of my rifle and became conscious that the magazine was empty. At the same instant I realized that a solid point cartridge rested in my hand. If I could not escape the leopard until I could get the cartridge into the chamber!

"As she came up the bank on one side of the point of the island I dropped down on the other side and

raced to about the place from which she had charged. By this time the cartridge was in place and I wheeled to face the leopard in midair. My rifle was knocked flying and in its place was eighty pounds of frantic, fighting cat.

"She struck me high in the chest and caught my upper right arm in her mouth, chewing and growling savagely. With my left hand I caught her throat and tried to wrench my right arm free, but succeeded only in drawing the full length of the arm through her mouth an inch at a time. I was conscious of no pain, only the sound of the crushing of teeth muscles and the choking, grunting snarl of the angry beast.

"We went to the ground, the leopard underneath, my right hand in her mouth, my left clutching her throat, my knees on her lungs, my elbows in her armpits, spreading her front legs far apart so that her frantic clawing did nothing more than tear my shirt. Her body was twisted in an effort to get a purchase on the ground to turn herself, but the loose sand offered no hold.

"For a moment there was no change in our positions and I hoped for the first time that I had a chance. Up to then it had simply been a good fight which I expected to lose, but if I could keep my advantage perhaps the syce would come with a knife.

"I called, but he did not come. I still held and surged down with my knees. I got one hand far down her throat and this with the other hand working on the outside was certainly a strange hold, I felt her relax—a sort of letting go, though she was still

struggling. At the same time I felt myself weakening similarly and then came to be a question which would give up first.

"After what seemed to be an interminable time she stopped struggling. I let go and tried to stand, rolling to the syce that I was finished. He screwed up his courage sufficiently to approach. Then I saw the leopard beginning to gasp and I knew she might recover. If she did there was no hope for me. I could not escape her a second time.

"I asked the syce for his knife. In his fear he had thrown it away. He found it quickly, however, and made sure the beast would not attempt to rise. I tried to take the leopard to camp, but finally was well satisfied to reach there myself without her.

"When I came to the zebra my companions were at dinner before the tent. They had heard the shots and had speculated on the probability of my finally deciding that I was in a million with a lion or with natives, but that I would have the enemy or the enemy would have me before they could reach me, so with the fatalistic spirit of the country they continued with their dinner. I was a long time recovering, and only the best of nursing polished me through.

"No," Mr. Akeley added, "Africa is not dangerous. I am going back there when I get my work done here, and I stay for the rest of my life. Danger and safety are relative terms, and I find there is much danger in your city where a man takes his life in his hands a dozen times crossing a motor thronged street while he is going home to dinner."

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AMERICAN LAD DESCRIBES SOMME ATTACK

The following account of how the French army prepares and carries out an attack on the German lines on the Somme front was written by an American who served in the Foreign Legion and was discharged after the Anglo-French attack on Belloy Santere on July 4-9.

IT'S a thin, almost colorless liquid. On the official army requisition sheets it is listed as "Tarafin." But the men, the French soldiers, call it "Tako," for the report of a German rifle is a taken-on—the o's screaming in a shrill, ear piercing crescendo—Tako, for they say it will kill you quicker than a boche bullet.

Liquid fire would be more to the point for it burns like turpentine and has a recoil like the kick of a government mule.

In the morning, after two or three hours of sentry go, a little is issued to the men with black coffee—only a mouthful, but so wonderful are its properties that you need not drink a cup, a cake, two or three times into the earth below the trenches for protection against shell fire, and fall asleep amid the rats.

Also before attacks each man is given a half pint of this liquid and some red wine. Were it not for the tako I believe attacks would be almost impossible, for after lying all night in a trench under a continuous fire a man's nerves are so ragged, his body so worn and tired that to order him to exert or expose himself would be simply ordering him to die.

It's not only the nerves that go wrong under a bombardment, but the entire system, for the vibration of the air is so intense that a sickness similar to seasickness, and due to the beating of the air against the stomach and diaphragm, spreads itself through entire regiments. I have watched men become pale about the mouth, turn yellowish green and then suffer from nausea. The tako seems to counteract this condition.

The attack proper is a thing of only a few minutes, but during the attack all seems so confused that it is impossible to describe properly the rush and movement of what appear to be a million men. The preparation for an attack is a matter of weeks. It begins in Paris. The Council of War determines that against a particular sector an attack shall be made.

wood; if neither brush nor timber is available, branches of trees are cut and piled over the shells or canvas painted the color of earth and weeds is used to mask the piles, for aviators are constantly hovering like hawks over all the front.

The field guns are brought in by night, from the reserve or quiet sectors, either by rail or motor trucks, and parked in brush or woods. Then comes the infantry. First come the troops of the Moroccan division, the Foreign Legion, the Zouaves, Senegalese, Algerian and Moroccan Tirailleurs, the Anamites and colonial troops. These are called "shock regiments" and are used for charges. The colonial regiments number about 150,000 men, and are composed of Frenchmen who have volunteered for service in the colonies in Africa and Asia.

Of the Senegalese there are about half a million, but they are greatly inferior to the Algerian or Moroccan Tirailleurs, since they cannot stand shell fire. In the hands of the French they are superbly brave, quick, strong and fearless of the bayonet or rifle fire. But the shells frighten them. They call the shells bung bangs. They can understand why the field gun has a report, but the shell or grenade bursting in the air without a immediate human agency beyond them. They run in panic from artillery fire. For this reason they are always placed between other troops that keep them in order and rush them on.

The Foreign Legion is, or was, composed of the finest of all French troops, and more than 60,000 men that made up the organization immediately after the outbreak of the war less than three thousand are in the field. There are about twenty-five regiments of Zouaves and Tirailleurs, making the total for the division more than a million men.

While these troops are being placed the artillery opens fire and continues steadily for three or sometimes even ten days. The continuous roar of the guns can be likened to the applause given an extremely good act in a theatre or the rumble of many cart wheels over cobblestones—a steady, continuous downpour of steel and iron scientifically controlled.

The territory to be attacked is divided into squares, into each of which a battery will continue to drop shells until the order to cease firing is received or the guns are put out of action. The idea of this method of firing is to destroy the barbed wire entanglements which prevent the charging bodies of troops from reaching the trenches, to batter down the trenches and ruin the machine gun emplace-

ments and to prevent the advance of reinforcements. An adjutant told me that ordinarily a Colonel of a regiment would be willing to sacrifice a battalion of from 800 to 900 men to keep up 500 yards of barbed wire and that the Captain of a company would take a section while repulsing an attack rather than have a machine gun captured, for with 500 yards of barbed wire and a machine gun well placed five men can hold a regiment.

Unlike the French checkerboard method of artillery fire, the Germans fire in mass, always from left to right. The number of shells used by them while much smaller than in the first year of the war still seems to be a prodigious waste.

Early in the war the Germans did not hesitate to bombard a trench immediately upon seeing any signs of occupation and would throw fifteen or twenty shells into a post where there would never be more than two or three men. Until the attack was started at Verdun the proportion of shells exchanged was about 17 to 1 in favor of the Germans; since then it has become more even, about 9 to 11, but both sides double the number of shells.

On the days immediately preceding the attack the sky is filled with aeroplanes and air battles are a matter of every hour. The anti-aircraft guns are busy spotting the sky with patches of white smoke that grow larger and larger and gradually fade into nothingness.

Occasionally a machine is struck or brought down in a duel and plunges to the earth in fire, leaving a column of black smoke in its wake a thousand yards in height.

At night the landscape is lighted by the ghastly glare of skyrockets. The bombardment continues, the shells plunging up the earth, harrowing it, smothering it and tearing it again. Bodies buried by one shell are thrown up by another. Now and then the barking of the lighter guns is broken by the howling of a mortar. The shell strikes and a shower of stone and earth is thrown high into the air; the earth sways and trembles. After the dust settles a huge crater gapes in the brilliant blue light of the magnesium candles.

A mine is exploded, and a battalion rushes to the ragged lip of the crater to battle for its possession. This is a man fight, hand to hand, with fist and foot. The artillery drops no shells in the vicinity for fear of harming friends, machine guns are too valuable to risk, so with bayonet and rifle around and around the mouth of the pit their struggle in the flickering blue light. The crater is taken and the defeated

recommence the bombardment, dropping hundreds of shells about it.

A patrol is sent out to prevent the enemy from entering barbed wire tangles. The men venture too far, show themselves too plainly, and the most terrible of all sounds, the rattle of the machine gun, is heard; the most terrible, for it never rattles without having a visible target, and once it is turned loose a man dies, for no live man can hold a regiment.

The east becomes a faint white, changes slowly to yellow, then a pink, and the sun comes up. The reserves begin to march through the communicating trenches to the first line. They mass in one of the first line trenches, take off their heavy coats, draw their belts tighter, tighten boot laces and puttees.

Then from behind comes the sound of a trumpet—Ta-ra-ra-ta-ta-ta-ta-ra. It is repeated on all sides. A regiment springs from the trenches with bayonets fixed to their rifles, 150 and then comes the machine gun rattle. The column presses on, the fire continues.

From left to right they begin to fall like yellow grain before a scythe. They screech, yell, blaspheme, crawl on their hands and knees. In the line of flowers between the knee and the machine gun rattle the column presses on, the fire continues.

There are good menials salore for the Sunday supper. In many families there is the regulation meal always for the extra few who may happen in. Every Sunday night in a Jolly old home cold roast duck, whipped apple sauce, grapefruit salad, cheese and nutbread sandwiches constitute the repast. Another young hostess makes a specialty of her potato salad. With the small cubes of potatoes and a generous supply of mayonnaise she uses a can of French peas, chopped almonds, grated hard boiled eggs and a garnish of pimento and lettuce. With this she serves cold tongue or a small sugared ham with an Indian relish, buttered brown bread and ale or coffee.

Cold chicken, with a border of boiled eggs dipped in chopped pickle, the round platter, scalloped potatoes, tomato salad, cottage cheese, marmalade and hot buttered rolls make another good combination. Welsh rabbit, lobster Newburg or creamed chicken made in the chafing dish and served with an assortment of sandwiches and coffee is simple for the informal supper. The main point is to have it well prepared, yet easily served.

formal damask cloth with large napkins. Glass or silver coasters are correctly used to protect the polished table. Flowers are of course in keeping, but one should never have the same elaborate floral arrangement for a Sunday supper that would deck the formal dinner board. In lieu of flowers a low silver bowl or deep tray of assorted fruits is effective, while a pretty and decorative old time compote of Dresden or Majolica ware filled with dried fruits and nuts, to be used as dessert, is well worth trying.

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